

EVENING LEDGER

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1914.

No Grab This Time: The Light Is On

THE loan bill calls for \$400,000 with which to purchase ground for the proposed Municipal Court buildings. The land involved is scarcely one-fourth of what will be necessary if the whole scheme for palaces at the taxpayers' expense goes through.

There is a small of graft in the entire enterprise. The drawing elsewhere in the EVENING LEDGER tells the story. If there were any necessity whatever for abandoning the excellent detention house already available, if there were every reason for housing the Municipal Court in the manner proposed, ordinary business sense would require condemnation of the whole plot of land, not a part of it.

There was hurrying and scurrying to and fro to secure the one vote necessary to override the Mayor's veto. The full strength of Penroseism was brought to bear in behalf of this enterprise. The gang is still at work. It is making ready to take its profits. The plum is almost ripe.

It is a pity, with things going along so nicely for the gentlemen with itching palms, that publicity should suddenly throw its broad glare on the whole infamous conspiracy. There is nothing for those soldiers of profit to do now, of course, except give up in disgust. A footpad cannot work in comfort when a policeman's gun is against his cheek.

Quick Revolution in Mexico

VILLA'S capacity as a general is great. There seems to be no commander in Mexico who can contend successfully with him, nor any body of soldiers which can be relied on to check his wild troops. Carranza is left in a position where discretion will be the better part of valor. His courageous stand against the demands of Villa marked him months ago as a strong man, one likely to take the bit in his teeth and awe even the former hand into compliance with civil edicts.

On the other hand, Carranza, once in the capital, has failed to distinguish his personal fortunes from those of his country. He has not clung tenaciously to the program of the Constitutionalists. There is nothing left for him to do but accept a compromise. If Villa can be persuaded to yield at all now that the die has been cast. But this will not be a long revolution. The result will be determined one way or the other within a few months at the most.

Another Hostage to Health

NO CITY can be too well supplied with institutions where the most expert medical aid can be had at reasonable cost. The hospital, especially when of modern construction, pleasing to the eye, as well as sanitary and complete in all its necessities, is vastly superior to the average home. It gives better service; it promotes medical progress; and it is cheaper in the end.

The proposed new hospital, for which funds are already accumulating, is particularly desirable because of its probable location. Situated near the boundary line of West Philadelphia and Delaware County, it will serve a distinct district. The overcrowded University Hospital, the nearest to the east, is fully four miles away, while the closest institutions in other directions are from five to a dozen miles distant. In the case of many accidents and sudden illnesses, speedy access to a hospital means everything.

Calm of Germany

AMERICA does not take kindly to militarism. Prussianism or any of the relics of the Dark Ages which seem to have drawn what is otherwise the most progressive, finely cultured nation of Europe into the black disaster of war. That is only natural. Our whole inheritance is against it. We stand with Schiller, Goethe, Beethoven, not Von Kluck and Prince Frederick William.

But have we given Germany the benefit of the doubt? Have we allowed the best of the land of the great poets, philosophers and musicians of the 19th century? It is only now that sober second thought is beginning to draw from our minds the delusions that were natural to the first news of war. We are beginning to contrast the different spirits in which the combatants have undertaken the struggle. We are learning more and more of the petty hysteria that fanned England and France with confusion worse confounded. We are discovering from returned reports that it did not extend to Germany. It is time to bring back sanity when we learn that Berlin proceeds on almost its normal course, with theatres open, trams running, ready money for all and no memoriam. We must at least respect such signs of civilization in the face of world-wide vituperation and hysteria.

Captious Critics of Capable Artists

ONLY in such small matters as wars and the fate of races are the American people given to snap judgments. Everywhere else, even down to fashions and the "movies," they are chary of quick vituperation. They have learned their lesson. A few Wagner, Raean and Darwins, misjudged yet triumphant, have been enough. Now it is the brave or the foolish man who takes the sledge

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DURING the period in which Poe was a resident of this city, from 1838 to 1844, virtually all the work that recalls his name to fame was written. Those wonderful tales, such as "The Gold Bug," "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and "The Purloined Letter," to name only a few, and his greatest poetical work, "The Raven," were the product of Poe's pen while he was a poorly paid editor of Philadelphia magazines.

For the last year of Burton's Gentlemen's Magazine Poe really was its sole editor, for Burton was busy with his theatrical enterprises. Poe not only edited the magazine, but he wrote the book reviews and an article or story for each number. When the magazine was combined with Graham's, Poe was taken over with the property, and was an associate editor, reviewing books, writing literary criticisms of popular authors, adding a tale now and then and writing an occasional poem. In addition to this labor, he was occasionally asked to revise the poetical contributions of talented ladies who could pay for the revision, and the writings of some of these ladies were found to have deteriorated after Poe's death.

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POE made many friendships during his residence here; and there undoubtedly is a great deal of interesting material about this period of his life that awaits the industrious seeker.

Unfortunately, there does not appear to be more than one residence of the poet's remaining that may have any claim to the attention of the investigator. This is the small back building to the house at Seventh and Brandywine streets. Some claims have been made for a building at 25th street and Fairmount avenue, but without much evidence, it seems.

But there still may be seen at the corner of Moravian and Dock streets the building where Burton published his magazine while Poe was his associate editor. Then, too, there were until a year or two ago the former homes of Burton himself. One of these was, and may still be, on Ninth street below Vine, and the other on Thirteenth street north of Race.

John Sartain, who died about ten years ago, when he was nearing the century mark, mentions in his book of reminiscences that Poe lived for a time at Sixteenth and Locust streets. There is now, however, nothing left of that frame house, for the neighborhood has improved both in value and architecture since 1839.

POE was also a frequent visitor to the home of Henry B. Hirst, who lived in a house that stood on Sixth street below Chestnut, but was effaced in 1866, when the Public Ledger Building was erected on the site. The old Fairmount Reservoir, where, just a week before his end in Baltimore, Poe, showing signs of nervous strain and excitement and accompanied by Sartain, spent part of a night, has been transformed. Sartain went with the poet to quiet his fears of assassination and to protect him against his fancied dangers.

There seems to be little of Poe's Philadelphia remaining, but what there is has not attracted the attention it probably deserves, for the city has cause to be proud of having had the poet for a citizen, even if it was for only five years of his brief life.

The Idealist

Recently I overheard an intensely interesting conversation between a young man who appeared to be in the middle twenties and an older man, whom I later found to be an eminent business man of a large Eastern city.

The younger man was plainly despondent and was freely unloading his spirit upon his elder companion. His progress, he said, had been far behind the hopes and anticipations of early youth.

It was with a sort of disgust at the young man's ravings that the merchant in a few terse words laid down a simple campaign for him to follow.

"You say you've made no progress in the last three years. Well, what is three years? Is three years, young fellow, that if you had some on stepping upward each month of these three years your progress would have developed into nothing but a monotonous process? For one thing you wouldn't be as aggravated, or as spirited, about your future as you are today. You've got the advantage over a good many others of your age in that you really are excited about it.

"When you go back to your desk this afternoon go with the expectation of finding something to do that will mean the first step

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But there still may be seen at the corner of Moravian and Dock streets the building where Burton published his magazine while Poe was his associate editor. Then, too, there were until a year or two ago the former homes of Burton himself. One of these was, and may still be, on Ninth street below Vine, and the other on Thirteenth street north of Race.

John Sartain, who died about ten years ago, when he was nearing the century mark, mentions in his book of reminiscences that Poe lived for a time at Sixteenth and Locust streets. There is now, however, nothing left of that frame house, for the neighborhood has improved both in value and architecture since 1839.

POE was also a frequent visitor to the home of Henry B. Hirst, who lived in a house that stood on Sixth street below Chestnut, but was effaced in 1866, when the Public Ledger Building was erected on the site. The old Fairmount Reservoir, where, just a week before his end in Baltimore, Poe, showing signs of nervous strain and excitement and accompanied by Sartain, spent part of a night, has been transformed. Sartain went with the poet to quiet his fears of assassination and to protect him against his fancied dangers.

There seems to be little of Poe's Philadelphia remaining, but what there is has not attracted the attention it probably deserves, for the city has cause to be proud of having had the poet for a citizen, even if it was for only five years of his brief life.

The Idealist

Recently I overheard an intensely interesting conversation between a young man who appeared to be in the middle twenties and an older man, whom I later found to be an eminent business man of a large Eastern city.

The younger man was plainly despondent and was freely unloading his spirit upon his elder companion. His progress, he said, had been far behind the hopes and anticipations of early youth.

It was with a sort of disgust at the young man's ravings that the merchant in a few terse words laid down a simple campaign for him to follow.

"You say you've made no progress in the last three years. Well, what is three years? Is three years, young fellow, that if you had some on stepping upward each month of these three years your progress would have developed into nothing but a monotonous process? For one thing you wouldn't be as aggravated, or as spirited, about your future as you are today. You've